

What's Loyola II you?

There has been a lot of promising talk lately about this being more than just a new school year for Loyola's students. "In many ways we have a brand new college", says Academic Vice President Steve McNierney. The figures are impressive, or at least we hope they will be as Loyola starts its first official year as a co-ed college, "...and not in just a token sense," writes Dean McGuire. Approximately one third of Loyola's students will be women. The incoming freshman class will total more than four hundred (there were only 840 full-time students here last year) bringing the total enrollment to 1,275. There are twenty-two new faculty members this year, and an increased overload of administrators. Most importantly, the cafeteria has been refurbished.

For those of us who tried to park in the near vicinity of the campus last year, and those of us who waited in line at lunch time their new numbers appear more likely to cause mass dropouts than mass turnouts, but considering the fact that most freshman (and, of course, freshmen -- no chauvenism here, Jove forbid!) have no idea what, or who, lies ahead, we will probably have to put up with a flood of enthusiasm. In anticipation of the deluge, campus ark fiends have developed a program known as Loyola II. Aside from the overt, and often called-for sexual implications of the slogan, the program is designed to take advantage of this sea of men and woman.

Father Sellinger, the president of the college, has been tentatively scheduled to speak on September 14. He will probably dwell upon the same things you have just read, at greater length and in more detail of course, and then he will invite all the organizations on campus to meet during the last few weeks of September in an effort to re-evaluate their purpose for existing, in light of the changes in the college community. For the last week of September several town meetings are being planned, and the same topics will be discussed.

After all that talk there will be, hopefully, a natural tendency to do something, and this too is in the planning stages. What the students, faculty, and administrators behind this scheme are considering is a three day festival for the first weekend in October. An art festival, a soccer game, and a movie were already planned for that weekend, and the committee is considering a large number of other events -- among them a rock festival -- that would be presented by Loyola's students for the rest of the community. All this in hopes that a general atmosphere of insanity will pervade the campus community.

In the past Loyola was primarily a community college. The overwhelming majority of students went home after classes were over. But now that the number of resident students have grown out of the dormitories into the apartments behind the campus (now owned by the college incidentally), there is a need for more social events on campus after classes. A number of interesting events are already scheduled, in this month alone there will be a folk festival, several movies and a number of dances and mixers.

Remember, Father Sellinger is going to challenge you to make Loyola a new college. It's up to you to come up with ideas and challenge Father Sellinger right back to pay for them. It should be an interesting year.



The
President
of
Loyola
College,
Rev.
Joseph
Sellinger,
will
address
the
entire
student
body
on
Tuesday,
September 14,
at 12:30
on the
athletic field.

FOLK FESTIVAL

The Biggest and most promising event scheduled for this month is a Folk Festival to be presented by the Loyola College Coffee House, TOAD, on Sunday, September 12. The festival will begin at 12 noon on the athletic field, and after the two dollar admission price it will last until late in the evening. Two dollars buys you ears for:

Lewis and Dolgoff--who Folk Forum calls the premier folk musicians in Baltimore. They just finished cutting a live album at PATCHES in Timonium.

Greg Kihn--Some of you may remember Greg's appearance with Gordon Lightfoot at Painter's Mill.

Bob Cadwalder--Bob puts out Folk Forum magazine and on stage.

Mike Hunt--A ten-year veteran, Mike's performances are one of a kind.

Chesapeake Retriever--An excellent Blue-grass group.

Mattheiss and DeMenna--Two of the best guitar pickers anywhere.

Gri-Gri--The star attraction of Baltimore's SORRY Productions.

Ray Alekselza--SORRY's lovable traditional folk singer.

Trespasser's Will--a folk-rock group.

Dave Taylor--an excellent classical guitarist (no relation to James)

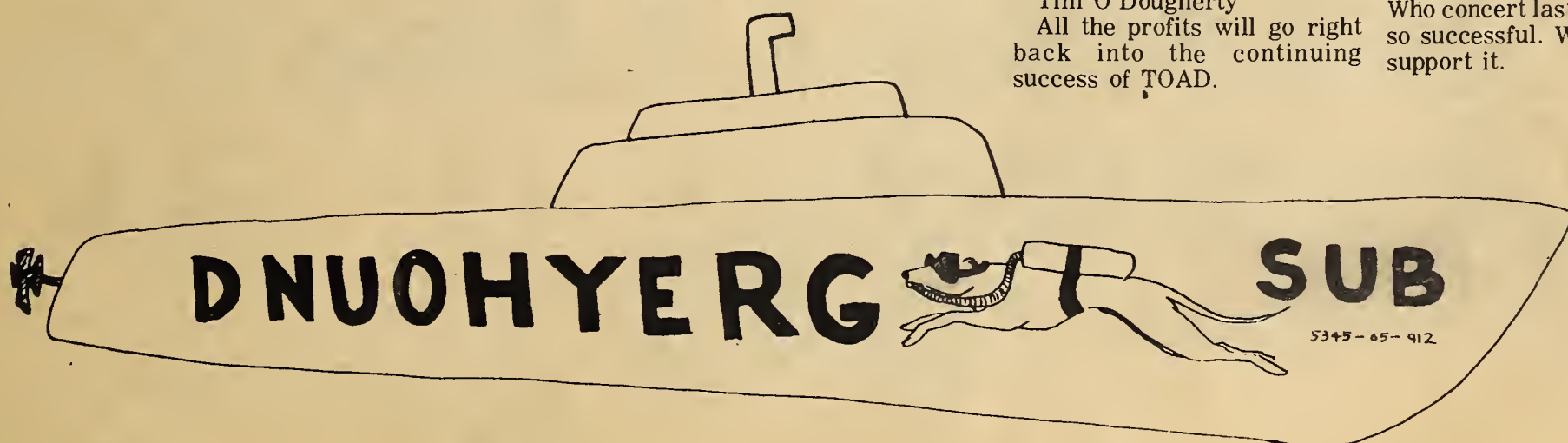
MAIZE

Tim O'Dougherty

All the profits will go right back into the continuing success of TOAD.

Last May all of the equipment was stolen from TOAD, and it was ruined financially. SORRY Productions, a group of local performers who frequented TOAD's stage, began touring local coffee houses to raise enough money to re-open. Under the management of Mariale Melanson the coffee house was re-opened this summer, and it has become one of the most successful coffee houses in the city.

The Folk Festival will enable TOAD to pay off the musicians who helped it out. It should attract large crowds from area colleges and the community. This will be the most ambitious student effort since the Guess Who concert last year that was so successful. We urge you to support it.





Since I began attending Loyola College two years ago, two seemingly unrelated incidents regarding Greyhounds have annoyed me:

1) During the winter break in my freshman year I bought a ticket from Greyhound to Ithaca, New York. By bus it is supposed to take about 8 1/2 hours to get to Ithaca from Baltimore, and my bus left at about 11:00 p.m. The bus was heated and well-lighted, and the trip looked like all the ads promised it would be.

Somewhere between York and Harrisburg the Greyhound bus broke. We waited in the cold for an hour and a half until another copy came to pick us up. Chalking that experience up to bad luck we started off again, and I figured that I would just be about an hour late.

At 6:00 a.m. that morning the second Greyhound broke. This time we only had to wait an hour in a shopping center parking lot somewhere in New York. I telephoned my friend at Cornell who was expecting me in about ten minutes, and, as pleasantly as was possible under the circumstances, I swore into the telephone for about three minutes. I calmed down a little when we started moving again, and after about a half hour I began to actually think about getting there that day.

At about seven o'clock the driver pulled off the main road and announced that we were on our way to pick up the passengers from another broken bus nearby. He promised that it wouldn't take long. They turned out to be a busload of nuns on their way to Rochester. We tried, but we couldn't find all the nuns on the bus with us, so we drove another half hour out of the way to get another bus for them.

About fifteen minutes outside of Ithaca the third bus broke, and I hitched the rest of the way -- in spite of the driver's assurances that another bus was on the way. I got there at about 1:00 p.m.

2) When I filled out my application for Loyola College in high school I listed among my activities that I had worked on the school newspaper. Even though a few drawings were all I had contributed, I included it on my application in an effort to appear as much like the all-American high schooler as the truth would permit. Later on that summer I got a letter from the editor of Loyola's newspaper THE GREYHOUND, asking me if I wanted to continue my journalistic career. Determined to become a radical figure on campus (Loyola's answer to Daniel Cohn-Bendit), I wrote back that I was interested.

I turned out to be the only volunteer from newspaper work THE GREYHOUND had had in about three years. I was immediately placed upon the editorial staff -- a commentary upon the state of the newspaper, not my talents. THE GREYHOUND didn't run very well, and before the end of the year we went broke.

The next year, last year, I returned to find myself the only remaining member of the editorial staff. I was immediately elected editor in chief. I had no newspaper experience. I acquired newspaper experience very fast as we put out about seven or eight issues in the first semester.

During the first few weeks of the spring semester we attempted to merge with the newspaper at Notre Dame, but we got into a little bit of trouble with the nuns as we gave that up. We put out two more issues of the paper before we went broke.

As I was planning for this year's newspaper this summer I noticed a slight similarity between the two incidents. I wanted an idea to signify the fact that this is a new kind of newspaper without breaking the illustrious tradition of THE GREYHOUND. So I named it The Greyhound Bus Company.

College newspapers have always mimicked big city newspapers. The stories were stiffly divided into categories -- news (Associated Press style, objective, dull news stories), sports, features, and editorials. There is really no need for that in a small college newspaper. Our primary objectives are to inform and entertain the students of Loyola College, while we gain journalistic experience.

The Greyhound Bus Company is more a magazine than a newspaper, and our stories will not strictly adhere to the discipline of objective news reporting. Most of the stories will express the opinions of our writers and our pages are open to whoever wishes to reply. We think that the Bus Company will be a lot more fun to read.

Finally, anyone interested in joining The Greyhound Bus Company as a writer, an artist, or an administrator please drop by the office in the basement of the student center.

--Mark Bowden

National Anomaly Day

edited for publication by T.R. Thornton (acclaimed scholar, poet, & wag)

I woke up, as I do every morning, and noticed almost immediately that the sky was glowing a wet, plastic pink. I yawned like a cavern, my right lachrymal duct weeping a big tear as it always will when I yawn. I wiped it away (the tear) with a rude knuckle, glanced out the window again, and noted for the second time in a row that the sky was pink. "If that sky is not pink, I don't know what it is," I reportedly stated aloud to myself in a voice clearly not my own.

"What a strange day this may very well turn out to be," I replied, for the sake of conversation.

An so it was. Since my ears needed cleaning (they tickle when they wax too waxy), I upped and made tracks for the nearest toilet, there's a 'Q-Tip'." I found the commode but no ear-cleaners seemed to throw themselves in my path or even exist and I was forced to go out with dirty ears, drat it all. This probably brought about the incoherency of my second conversation of the day, held this time with a friendly hermit. I stumbled upon him as he was explaining the pink sky to his herd of five scraggly water-buffalo, who looked concerned to say the least.

"Morning, friendly hermit," I said frankly, stumbling upon him. "Why?"

"Aye, some morning it is," he spat agreeably. "Accursed bulls nearly stampeded when they see the sky come up all pink like this. And once them fuckers stampede, you can kiss yer antlers good-bye." He erupted.

"O. but no; I haven't seen her in months!"

"What's with you, hard o' hearin'?"

"Eh?"

"You deaf?" he bellowed, a look of askance in his good eye.

"Could be, my ears are dirty."

"Why what?"

"What?"

"Why don't you clean yer friggin' ears out?"

"I couldn't find any ear-cleaners, you know."

"Oh," he muttered, suddenly stricken with remorse.

"There's a lot of it about, I hear tell." He backed off a hobble or two.

"What do you make of this pink sky, herm?" I queried anxiously to know. Pink skies always give me conniptions.

"How in St. Vitus should I know, you brummer!" he shouted, purpling. He then took up a wooden flute to his broad but thick lips and heartily tore into an aleatoric cadenza in B-flat or E-minor. One water-buffalo danced spastically. Another farted boldly. I beat (so to speak) a hasty retreat.

As I skipped merrily on my way, pondering the eternal verities, leaping satyr-like down a wooded path, a voluptuous maid or wench suddenly appeared and tripped me up in her magic lariat (it was fibre-glass).

"If you can tell me why the sky is pink, I'll let you have my bod," she breathed invitingly in my ear, melting (to my chagrin) the wax therein. She waited for my answer, tugging at my vitals and guffawing coyly.

"But, I moaned politely. "I haven't the fuzziest idea why the sky is pink. Maybe it's the goddamned pollution."

"Nope." With that, she vanished as suddenly as she had appeared. I bawled loudly over these strange events, wishing I were in Philadelphia or somebody...

(this at the bottom of one tattered page; a few pages are obviously missing, perhaps torn out in critical frenzy by the author. the fragment continues thusly:)

...and by noon (the sun, too, was a bright pink) I was thoroughly fraught with tension. Gentle-folk from neighboring villages were frantically rioting in the streets, pilfering the shops for TV's and Mixmasters. Rude and gangly youths were chanting vulgar words to the sky, singing Bob Dyland ditties and copulating

defiantly on the courthouse steps. Allen Ginsberg arrived shortly thereafter in a jock strap to lead the blessed children in transcendental prayer. Normal, quiet life was all askew, akimbo. Everyone was acting anomalously. A dwarf named Leach rose up and declared the day as National Anomaly Day, carefully checking his thesaurus. I was, reader, simply whelmed...

(indeed he was; there follows at this point in the text a long and tedious 9 3/4 pages of abstruse verbiage, lusty strings of profanity, and demonic outbursts. then follows:)

Things worsened. The dwarf Leach was pummeled out of recognition when a small race riot descended upon him. Crowds milled in the village square, turned ugly, and commenced to lynching the town meteorologist for failing to give a scientific explanation of the pink sky. "Just one of those things," he had gasped at the end... All was arsy-turvy; statues fell of their own weight upon flocks of unsuspecting pigeons; a Volkswagen swung around a corner and demolished a Cadillac; policemen exhibited themselves, nuns pandered, all frolicked nervously under the frightening, rosy sky.

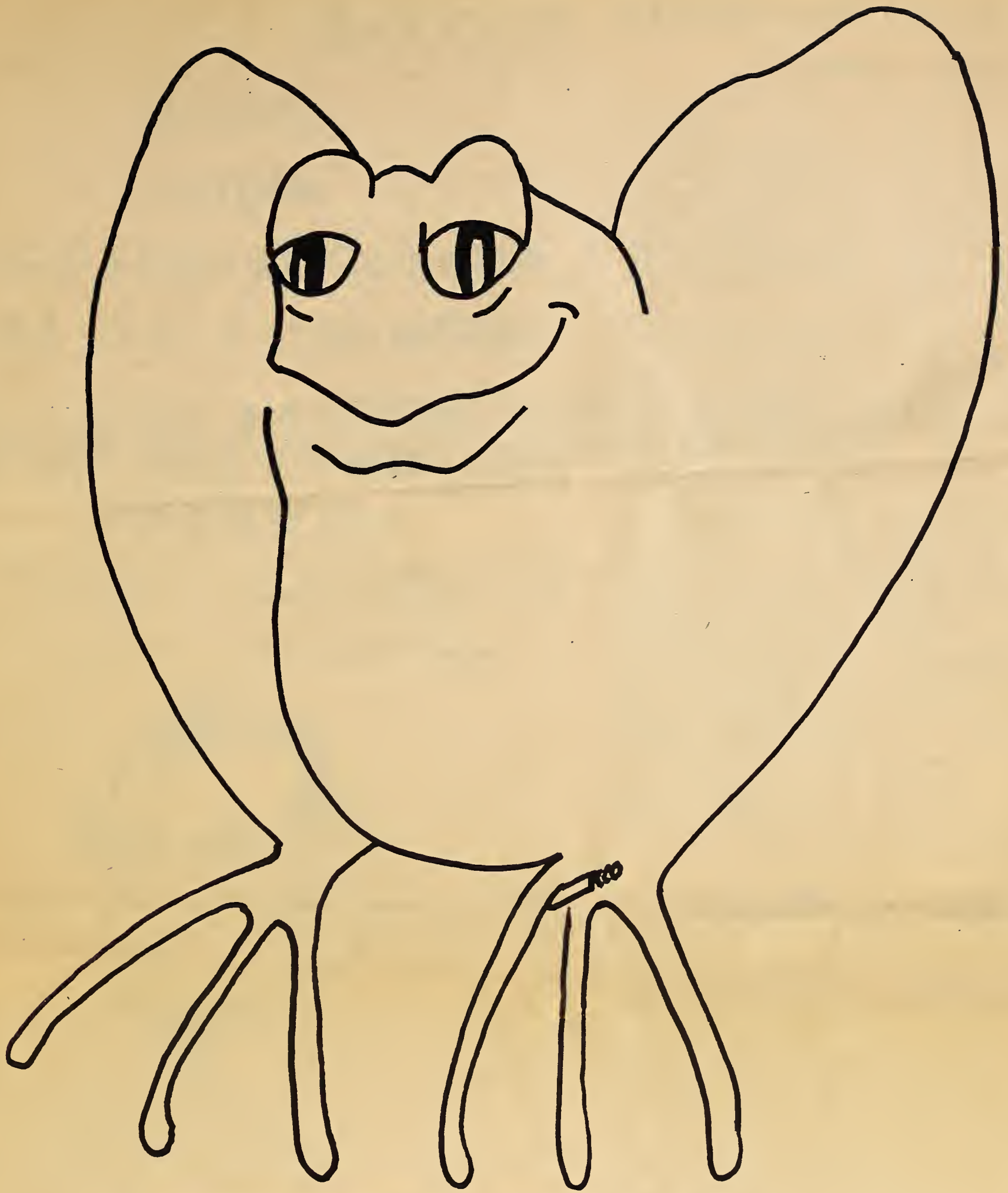
Many incredible phenomena occurred. An old and reliable friend of mine swears that around 3:30 in the local Acne Supermarket, a tape recording of our president's beloved stentorian voice announced to all shoppers that war had just been declared on Alaska in order to make it safe for democracy.

Another old buddy writes that he witnessed with his own eye (an old childhood accident)

continued on top of page 4



The Greyhound Bus Company is the official student publication of Loyola College.
 editor-in-chief Mark Bowden
 right hand man Barry Sasser
 sports editors Jim Lamb and Dave Hirt



TOAD

Loyola's Coffee House

Presents

A FOLK FESTIVAL

Sunday, September 12, at high noon

admission \$2⁰⁰

National Anomaly Day con't.

youthful, gum-chewing thugs and cretins defecating on national symbols... There seemed no end to the furious activity unleashed by the terror of the pink sky, which, by the by, had deepened to a rich lavender towards sundown and in the quickly falling night settled to a bold, incandescent puce, while all the clouds remained hot pink. In the semi-dark glow, as I fled through town, I noticed bands of old ladies mugging burly negroes. A wrecking crew was all asweat endeavoring to knock down the new cathedral, featuring a fresco entitled, "Jesus Conversing With Peter."

By this time I was methodically tearing out my few red hairs, having chewed all my lower away. It seemed as though the world (God love it!) were coming to an end. Besides, my ears still annoyed me. I galloped like a wild steed for the edge of the village, weeping for sheer fright. Suddenly I came upon my artist friend Hal, with Delight, his seventh wife. They were engaging in a wild and wooly game of Monopoly on the sidewalk.

"Hal! Hal! save me, for Christ's sake!" I screamed. How calm he seemed with Delight, giving her an occasional feel now and then, and seemingly ignorant of all

anomalies.

"Wuzza matta, boy? loog like you shittin yaself."

"Why--the sky, Hal...pink!"

I stammered queerly.

"No, man," he chuckled.

"See the priest. See the priest." He turned away, passed GO and collected \$200. Delight kicked him one, exposing her crusty lumps. I ran on.

"Thanks a hell of a lot," I hissed over my dead body, but pretty much under my breath. I had been in Encounter groups, you know.

I fled the town, shrieking and ripping off bits of clothing in an unprecedented psychological masturbatory escape mechanism of deep libidinous consequence to the ego. I flatulated, which helped, but I continued denuding myself in terror. "I'm stark raving naked!" I whispered meaningfully. As I ran on in dark-pinkish night, glancing occasionally back at the cillage to see hundreds leaping to their collective deaths from tall office-buildings, I collided on a dark, narrow path with an old, gap-toothed priest. In his slightly crossed (but fatherly) eyes I saw bliss. He held me tenderly and I swooned in the security of his robes...

(The concluding excerpt will be published in the following issue of the Greyhound Bus Co.)

Abe Here

by Mark Bowden

If you are ever in Springfield, Illinois, go to see Lincoln's home. It's worth seeing.

I was on one of those grueling, week-long family vacations this summer, crammed into the front seat of a sedan with my parents and my little sister on the hottest, flattest stretch of highway between St. Louis and Chicago when my father announced that, "as long as we're in the neighborhood," we were going to go one hundred miles out of the way to see the sights in Springfield.

Springfield, in spite of its pleasant name, looks just like any other city -- 90% dirt and concrete, 8% pigeons, and 2% cars and people. Lincoln's home, our first stop, along with all the accompanying commercial joints capitalizing on it, occupies one pleasant little block somewhere in the middle of the city. It is like an oasis of the past, dated only by the "Souvenirs" signs adorning every house on the block except for one. The veteran tourists we are, we guessed that to be Lincoln's home immediately.

Lincoln's is the corner house, and it is astonishingly small and unpretentious. Although he lived almost 100 years after Washington, Lincoln's home could easily be mistaken for the servants' quarters at Mt. Vernon (Yes, we've been there too.) The house is made of wood, painted brown, and it's two stories high.

After the group shot -- Smile!

as the grinning, bald old man my father hustled into taking the picture for us snapped the shutter -- we followed the line of people inside. The house reminded me of an ancient bug I saw once in school that had been preserved, "unharmed," as our biology teacher put it, in a solid rock of amber. All the rooms are preserved, "just the way he left them", in about 50 layers of shiney, yellowing enamel. Each room has a little plaque describing its use or which member of the Lincoln family lived there.

The tour of the house goes fast, there's not a lot to see, and soon we were being directed out the back way by an elderly lady with a bored look on her face who kept saying, "this way, please, this way, please,.....". As I went down the back steps I noticed a small wooden building in the corner of the backyard. To satisfy my curiosity I risked a dirty look from the bored lady, and walked across Lincoln's backyard for a closer look.

There, coated with enamel, roped off with red velvet ropes and golden stakes, they have enshrined Lincoln's outhouse. There is no plaque -- the developers tastefully decided that no explanation was necessary. The two inverted wooden stools, as primitive as they come, explained themselves perfectly.

As I recall all my visits to national shrines, and there have been quite a few, I cannot recall one that had the same

impact as Abraham Lincoln's outhouse. I could see him tall, stepping out of the back door where the bored lady now directs traffic, sleepy-eyed behind his glasses, his robe wrapped tightly around him against the early morning cold with a book under his arm, gingerly stepping across the moist back lawn in his slippers, entering and closing behind him the door that isn't there now.

Later on that same day we stopped at his tomb -- that's just north of Springfield, I think. The tomb is topped by a huge monumet towering several hundred feet into the air, decorated with statues. Underneath, in the tomb, Lincoln's over-sized coffin lays in the middle of a dimly lit room surrounded by flags and flowers. There is a sign above that asks, "In respect, please remain silent."

I was standing, looking at the coffin and admiring the adea of a respectful silence when the room lit up, the national anthem started blaring, and a tape-recorded voice launched into a patriotic summary of Abe's life.

I left disgusted and went back to the car. I don't think that Abraham Lincoln would have liked that.

If you are ever in Springfield though, go to see Lincoln's home.

WANTED:

WRITERS

ARTISTS

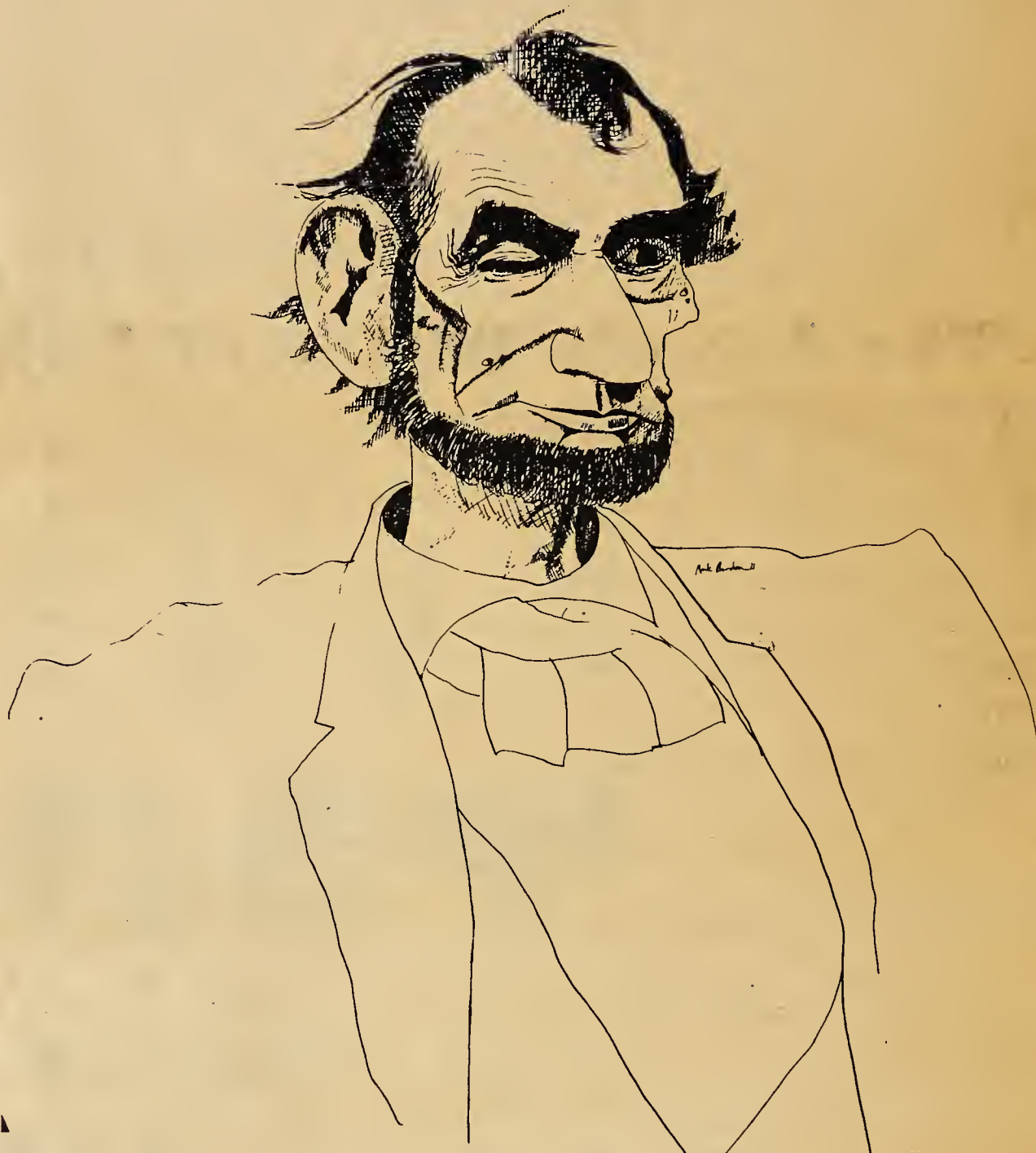
AND PEOPLE WHO DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY ARE.

To join

THE GREYHOUND BUS COMPANY

**DROP BY OUR OFFICE IN THE BASE BASEMENT
OF THE STUDENT CENTER, or**

contact anyone in the staff box.



NEED HELP TO HELP?

The Loyola Office of Volunteer Services

**Will help you find a place
where you or your group is needed.**

**In cooperation with all the
service organizations on campus,
The Office of Volunteer Services
can place you in such community
social positions as:**

Big Brothers & Big Sisters

Prison Reform

Juvenile Court

Ecology Reclamation Center

tutors & Recreational adv.

Community organizers.

**Stop in the office - 204 in the Student
Center - any- time for more info,
or contact:**

Sister Catherine Kelly

Barry Murphy

Nancet Haines

Greg Emory

or Mary Anne Ament .

Film Series

There are two film series scheduled for the school year. One is a series of "collectors' items" old movies, and we will have the dates and names for you when they are available. The other schedule -- a film series presented by the Loyola Parents' Association -- is printed below.

1971-72 SUNDAY NIGHT FILM FESTIVAL
Andrew White Student Center 7:00 p.m.

Sept. 12 "Georgy Girl"	Jan. 9 "Road to Rio"
Sept. 19 "Born Free"	Jan. 16 "Billy Budd"
Sept. 26 "Silent World"	Jan. 23 "The Days of Thrills & Laughter"
Oct. 3 "The Jolson Story"	Feb. 13 "A Walk in the Spring Rain"
Oct. 10 "The Caine Mutiny"	Feb. 20 "Chisum"
Oct. 17 "Rachel, Rachel"	Feb. 27 "A Raisin in the Sun"
Oct. 24 "Run Wild, Run Free"	March 5 "Truman Capote's Trilogy"
Oct. 31 "Wait Until Dark"	March 12 "On the Waterfront"
Nov. 6 (Saturday) W.C. Fields Night	March 19 "Finian's Rainbow"
"The Barbershop"	April 16 "Repreive"
"The Dentist"	April 23 "The Farmer's Daughter"
"The Fatal Glass of Beer"	April 30 "Spellbound"
"The Golf Specialist"	May 7 "East of Eden"
"The Pharmacist"	
Nov. 14 "Cool Hand Luke"	
Nov. 21 "Friendly Persuasion"	

TRIVIA QUIZ

Who replaced the starting quarterback for St. Louis football Cardinals in 1966, when the starter was injured? Answers should be turned into the Newspaper office before the next issue. The winner will receive 2 free tickets to a Bullet home game.

WANT-(B)AD

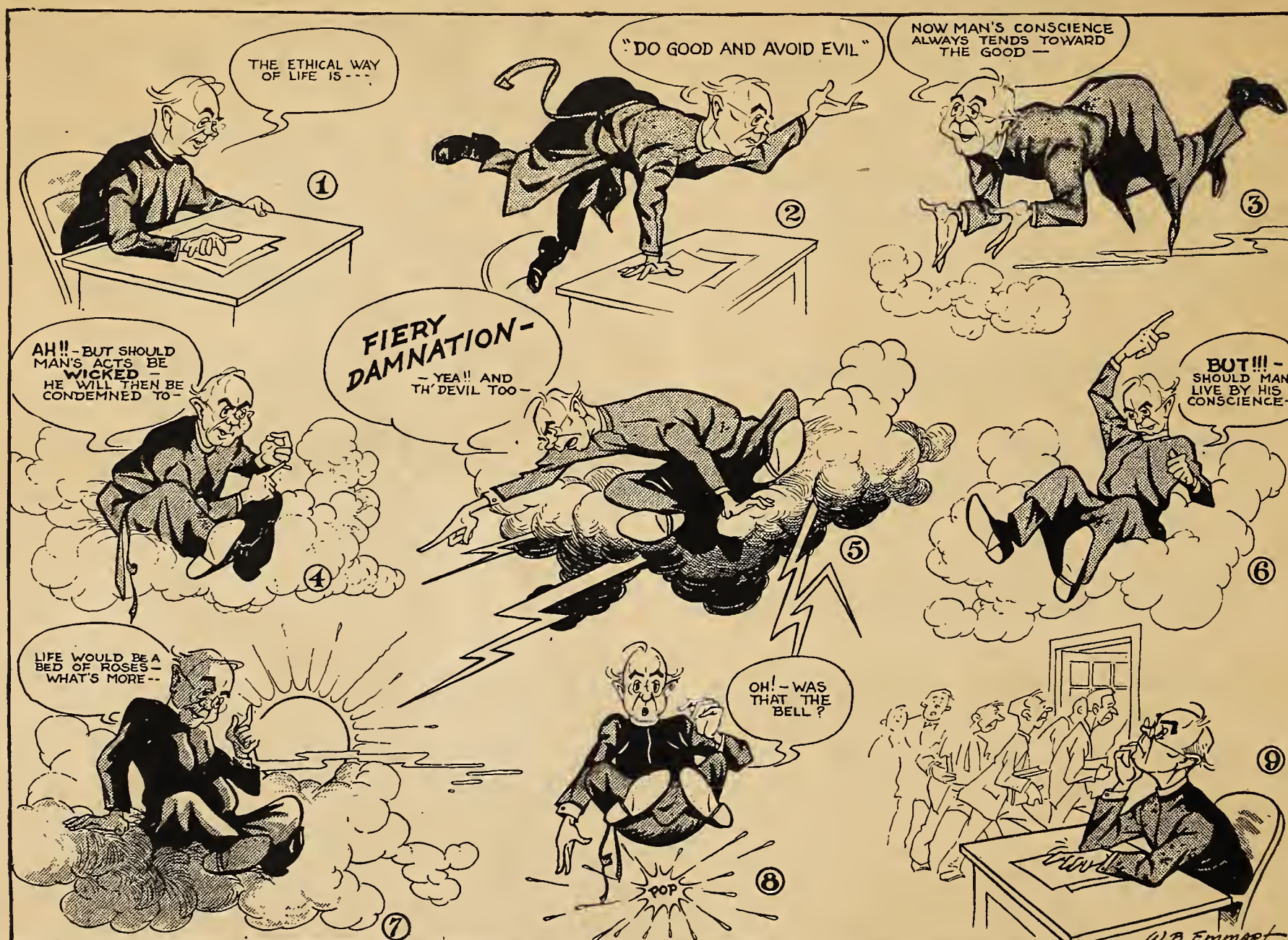
Wanted:

Sports reporters, female. Must have extensive sports knowledge (i.e. must be able to tell the difference between a baseball and a basketball).

Should see Dave Hirt or Jim Lamb in or out of the Newspaper office.

Selection of applicants is at editors' discretion.

A STUDY IN ETHICS - - Father Higgins



Loyola's newspaper during the years 1941-1944 regularly ran cartoons drawn by its own staff artist, Weston B. Em-

mart. Emmart's drawings were remarkably professional and accurate, and almost all of them -- including the classic

portrayal of Father Higgins reprinted here -- are just as funny thirty years later. Since this is 1971 -- time to check your

watches, boys -- The Greyhound Bus Company will tribute the best cartoonist in Greyhound history by

reprinting the best of his cartoon every week.

BUS' BEST MAIL

Here is last week's winner:
"ROCK-IT" AUTOMATIC FISH SCALER

Now you can scale up to 50 fish at one time - automatically - by simply taking a short boat ride. Just tow the new Rock-It Automatic Fish Scaler behind your boat for a couple of hundred yards on your way to the landing - THAT'S ALL - and it completely scales your catch without breaking the skin or damaging the meat of the fish in any way.

And the scaler doubles as a handy live fish basket while you catch them. With the fish still inside the Rock-It, they are scaled and then carried ashore - eliminating any other handling from hook to home.

The cylindrical Rock-It is made of galvanized steel mesh, measuring 22 inches in length, 10 inches in diameter, and weighs 4 lbs. Slanted fins on the outside rotate the scaler, and a special "lip" on the cone-shaped nose causes a rapid rocking motion. As the fish tumble inside the cylinder, they are scaled by scraping against the expanded steel mesh and shuffling against each other. The water, jetting through the nose inlets, washes out the scales and slime - leaving only clean fish.

Fully guaranteed. Available from Cavazos Advertising Distributor, 7 Bennington Street, San Francisco, California 94110. \$16.85, postpaid.

MASSES

MONDAY through FRIDAY

Main Chapel
Faculty House Chapel
Hammerman Hall

7:00 a.m.
12:00 noon
12:00 noon
5:00 p.m.

SATURDAY

Main Chapel
Hammerman Hall

7:00 a.m.
4:00 p.m.

SUNDAY

Hammerman Hall
Main Chapel
Hammerman Hall

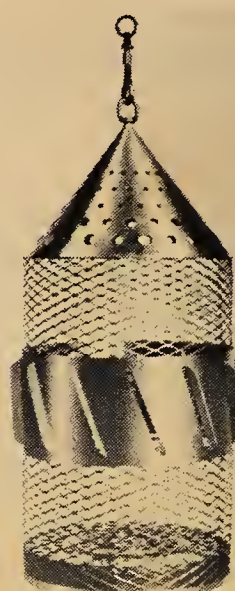
12:05 a.m.
7:00 a.m.
10:45 a.m.
10:00 p.m.

Confessions can be heard any time at the Office of Campus Ministries, U200

In the Main Chapel - Wednesday - 11:30 a.m.

In Hammerman Hall Chapel - Saturdays 11:30 p.m.

Sundays 9:30 p.m.



"Rock - it" and its inventor.

Passing con't.

Ed. note: Dates are, for the most part, approximate; except in those cases where they are out and out lies.

Sept. 19, 1970: The Greyhound makes its initial appearance of the school year. The "sports page" is a schedule at the bottom of the third page. Maybe we were all better off that way.

Sept. 21: The Loyola-Mt. St. Agnes merger and the soccer team's victory over Calvert Hall in a pre-season scrimmage vie for the headlines.

Oct. 6: The Greyhound prints a dynamic, controversial, and revealing interview with Wilson Bean, equipment manager. The Athletic Department will never be the same. A sample from that scandalous article:

Greyhound: What do you think about Loyola going coed?

Wilson: It's good for the boys.

(Copies of the entire article are available in the newspaper office at 10¢ apiece. Mail orders will be considered.)

Oct. 28: Loyola's unbeaten soccer team is unbeaten no longer, losing to arch-rival B.U. by a 3-1 score.

Nov. 3: Intramural football is in full swing with The Team (sophomores) running rampant. With the lack of a race there, the student body turns to phoning in bomb threats in order to pass the time.

Nov. 21: The once-beaten soccer team is now twice-beaten as nemesis B.U. edges the Hound squad in overtime to capture the Mason-Dixon championship. Wait til this year.

Nov. 23: The Greyhound prints its first issue under new management. It is a twelve-page extravaganza with three, count 'em, 3, sports

pages and a zillion pictures. It's all downhill from here, gang.

Dec. 1: Green and Grey cagers whip Seton Hall for the first time in the modern era, a prelude of things to come.

Dec. 4-7: The Marathon Football Game, in which Towson State demolishes all comers for the umpteenth straight year. What the hell, it's all for a good cause. As usual, the Marathon weekend is marked by frigid temperatures and howling winds. What fun!

Dec. 5: The basketball team defeats King's College by 17 points, breaking open a close game in the second half. It is the first of a long string of homecourt victories for the squad.

Dec. 12: The Hounds lose a real shocker to lowly St. Bonaventure. Bobby Connor surpasses the 1000-point mark, however to ease the pain. A break of nearly four weeks followed this game due to exams, Christmas holidays, and other assorted reasons too numerous to mention.

At this point also, the Greyhound went into a suspended state for two months because of the mini-mester. It was to return as the Twain, which is a story unto itself.

Since this is a natural break, and since we've previously come under dire threats by our managing editor to keep these articles to a workable length, we will continue this enthralling venture into the past in the next issue (should there actually be one). By that time, however, we may come up with some decent ideas which would enable us to junk this thing. Don't hold your breath(s), however.

Original Sin

by T.R. Thornton

Imagine if you will the anguish were he capable of it of the ape who created the world by realizing it was there and that is what is bothering you.

Since knowledge grows on trees, he had to climb (cursed by his evolving brain and the innocence of sin which was not ignorance but the natural inability not to know) forever or at least approximately 2 million years, tomorrow, and the foreseeable future, climbing, climbing, climbing,

though he knows (which figures) that there is no top to this tree which is silly yes but makes him angry and sad sometimes because it would be a hell of a lot easier to climb down but he wasn't made to go backwards and it's much too far to jump.

He missed his chance when he grabbed the first branch. The monkey can't get out of the tree and that is what is bothering me.

"goddamn everything but the circus"

e.e. cummings

Orientation

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4th

9:00 am - 2:30 pm
2:30 pm
4:00 pm
4:45 pm
5:15 pm
7:30 pm
9:00 pm

Resident Students arrive and move into rooms
Parents' Orientation - Ruzicka Hall
Eucharistic Celebration - Alumni Memorial Chapel
President's Reception for Parents Andrew White Student Center
Family-Style Dinner Andrew White Cafeteria
Movie - Andrew White Student Center
Residence Hall Information Sessions

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th

10:00 am - 12:30 pm
12:30 pm
2:00 - 5:15 pm
5:15 pm
7:00 pm

Testing I - for students NOT tested in August
Lunch - Andrew White Cafeteria
Testing II - for students NOT tested in August.
Dinner for Residents
Folk Mass

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 6th

9:00 am
10:00 am
12:30 pm
2:00 pm

Day Students arrive Assemble I - Register - Cohn Hall
Campus Tours (with Student Advisors)
Lunch
Pick-up Schedules, then move to meeting with Student Advisors; ID Pictures; then free time
President's Dinner
Mixer

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7th

9:45 am
10:00 am
11:00 am
12:30 pm
1:30 pm

Assemble II - Cohn Hall
Addresses by Student Leaders & Administrators
R.O.T.C. Orientation --- (necessary for male students only)
Lunch in Cafeteria
General Activities Period (Recreation - Pool & Gym Open)
Upperclass Residents report
Dinner Outside
Free Time

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8th

8:30 am

Classes Begin - Fall Semester

Meditation

Before me, splashed out like no painting can imagine, the land gives forth its undying, unself-conscious beauty to open eyes. Near the road a sparkling black brook rips a wet wound, crooked and deep through the green sod. The sod gapes with a rush of water that carries itself down and across the field toward the farmland. The fallow patches are rucked like dusty corduroy, but all around are thick grass, willow trees near-yellow, and ancient oaks. The land slopes down to a farm: white house, red barn, small shacks, endless fences. A dozen cows are standing still, planted across the plain on a grassy slope of their own. A horse, two, walk away from me. Beneath the bold -scape which finally rises over there into woods, and down and up for an unbroken mile, there lies the dark earth, rich and monumental, rock, and life. Overhead and touching the blue trees way out on the edge of my vision, the sky is naked and full. The sun is burnt into it, shattering into a million sharp splinters of light against the squint of my eye.

I pass here every day, feeling somewhat unoriginal, yet filled with solid serenity as vast as the countryside that takes me in, hides me, for a few minutes of the most extreme and precious joy. How can I go on into the city, without greeting it once again with that sad cynicism that betrays always the wish for a peace contemplated out of the past country of our dreams?
T.R. Thornton

The New Library Lives Again

As Loyolans return to classes this September, they will undoubtedly be shocked and pleased to see that the new Loyola-Notre Dame Library has gone up almost overnight. The most striking aspect of the new building is its original design. Loyola was fortunate enough to obtain the services of an architect who studied under the great Frank Lloyd Wright (of Simon and Garfunkel fame) and who supposedly once designed an entire set of clothes for an emperor. This great man was so humble that he refused to even mention his name, and disappeared as soon as he received payment, presumably to escape recognition.

Early in the planning this humble architect decided to build a library that would fit right into the proposed area's environment without ruining its ecosystem. As a first step he decided to let the stream that ran through the proposed site continue to flow right through the first floor. What genius! His decision to let the trees serve as supports flowers with originality, but it was his decision to let the earth itself serve as a floor and the sky as a roof that ranks with the great architectural achievements of all time: the Parthenon, the Roman arch, the cathedrals of the Middle Ages, Shea Stadium, and the Dell building.

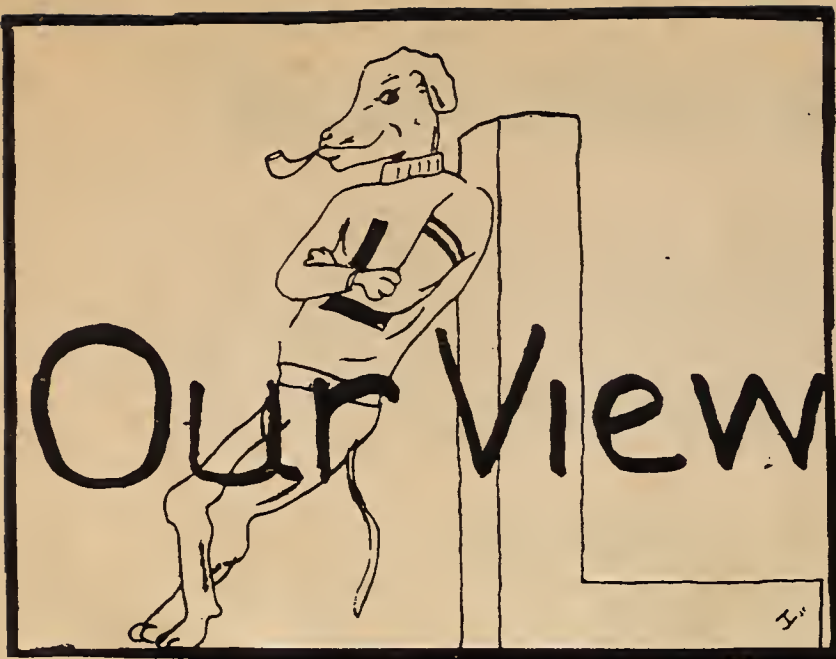
Yes, and now it stands, a masterpiece of architectural ingenuity, and a lasting monument to the warm-hearted co-operation of the administrations of Loyola College and the College of Notre Dame, who, in the same Christian spirit that unites Belfast, set aside their petty misunderstandings and sacrificed a little bit of pride so that the students of both colleges could have the kind of library they need and deserve.

M. Aurelius Bowdenus

Note

Regarding the fact that it will be nearly impossible to find a parking space on or near campus, The Greyhound Bus Company recommends:

- 1) Either walk or ride a bicycle to school if you can. It's cheaper, less trouble, and better for the world.
 - 2) Don't bother to register your car. Since you'll be getting tickets most of the time anyway, it will help if they don't know who you are. You can get away with parking anywhere on campus as a guest at least once a week -- take care not to overdo it though, you don't want the campus police to remember your car.
 - 3) There is a triangular area that has been leveled off over by Cold Spring lane that you are not supposed to park on. Park there.
 - 4) Contest all traffic tickets in student courts, and try to drag your case out for as long as you can. If we tie up system, they may never reach the end of the line.
- Best of luck.



Well, much to our dismay, the beloved co-editors (Captain Kinks and Sugar Bear) of this brilliant sports department return, along with 1500 other Loyolans. You will remember our performance during the 1970-1971 season. Ah yes, how can we forget. Probably never, since most of you won't let us. Who can forget our memorable Mason-Dixon All-Star Basketball selections, the Our View editorials, the intramural coverage, and other monuments to our talents.

For those of you who have enough stomach to continue, we will now surge into the

future and see how our athletic teams will (or should) fare.

The soccer team returns 10 of its first 11 players, losing Captain Paul Meyers. Also, there are many excellent freshmen coming into the school who should push the veterans for their jobs. With heavy losses due to graduation, Baltimore University (the prennial champion) should be weakened (however, who knows what old timers the Bees will dig up). Loyola's soccer hopes should be fulfilled this year.

The cross-country and track squads have suffered heavy

losses due to graduation (Hodges, Hild, Doherty, and Gaave) and must depend on freshman. They can only look to the future.

The swimming team loses Rusty Kuhn, but has "the Product", Blake Hampson, returning along with other proven performers. The Hounds could be spoilers in the Mason-Dixon aquanautics.

Wrestling is another facet in which Loyola faces a rebuilding year. The losses of Shelsby and Gaar could be too much for the Greyhounds to recover from. However, Andy Amasia (we don't forget, Andy) and Mike Clisham will be tough for opponents to handle.

In the spring sports, both the baseball and lacrosse teams return with most of their squads intact.

"Lefty" Reitz must replace Bob Connor and Dave Wolfe in the outfield if the Hounds are to be a contender. Coach Barnhardt must find another leader, now that Larry Sweetich is gone. However, a healthy Tim Hudson and Butch Wittman could make the stickers winners.

In case you think we've forgotten our basketballers, tsk, tsk, shame on you (sorry,

but that's the strongest line the censors will allow). Of the first six on Nap Doherty's Championship quintet, four return. However, the loss of Bob Connor (20.0 ppg) and Rick Betz will be tough to overcome. It will be up to Dan Rendine, Ed Butler, Mike Krawczyk, Ray Turchi (the first four returnees), Bob O'Hara and Gene Gwiazdowski to take up the slack. Mike Kaiser and Bob Pierce could be pleasant surprises for Coach Doherty.

As of this paper's printing our vast scouting system (two retired jockeys and an 86-year old lady with arthritis) has not yet turned in their reports on the girls athletic squads. However, we will not let this stop us (we still have more space to fill up). It is rumored tht a girls' basketball squad will be fielded. So much for our coverage of girls' athletics.

So, this year could be the year of the Hound (ah, once more we dig into our bag of cliches) in the Mason-Dixon.

REV. JOHN MARTINEZ

A leader in the fight for fair housing in Baltimore, will speak in BUTLER HALL on Sept. 15. See Fr. Ahern, room 200 in the Student Center, for details.

The Passed Year

Well, gang, our dear editor-in-chief sprung this issue on the sports editors rather suddenly and this pair of somewhat questionable intellects was hard pressed to come up with any original ideas (as usual).

Thus, resorting to our now rather moldy bag of tricks, we decided to do a lighthearted, heavyhanded review of those events (generally sports-wise) which made up the Loyola year of 1970-71.

We're sure that this romp through the golden days of yester-year will thrill all you newcomers no end, but we promise that far worse things are yet to come, so you better enjoy this mediocre stuff while you can.

For the old hands, this piece of nostalgia will undoubtedly bring tears to the eye and joy to the heart, not to mention that feeling of nausea deep in your stomach. (Milk of magnesia is on sale in the newspaper office: \$1.00 per thimblefull.)

So, without further ado about nothing, the sports department swings back into action, and let the pieces fall where they may.

continued on page 7



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